

## where i belong

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/37168183) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/37168183>.

Rating:	<a href="#">General Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">Gen</a>
Fandoms:	<a href="#">Dream SMP</a> , <a href="#">Video Blogging RPF</a>
Relationships:	<a href="#">Tubbo &amp; Phil Watson</a> , <a href="#">Ranboo &amp; Toby Smith</a>   <a href="#">Tubbo &amp; TommyInnit</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Tubbo</a> , <a href="#">Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Nightmares</a> , <a href="#">Hurt/Comfort</a> , <a href="#">Hugs</a> , <a href="#">i guess it's not required to read ylrt?</a> , <a href="#">but it'll make a lot more sense if you have that context haha</a>
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of <a href="#">your love remains true</a>
Collections:	<a href="#">thinksmoon's collection of best sbi fics</a>
Stats:	Published: 2022-02-16 Words: 1,584 Chapters: 1/1

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by [theclingyduo](#)

## Summary

Phil waits until he opens his eyes again to ask, “Do you want to talk about it?”

Biting his lip, Tubbo shakes his head. His eyes flick up above Phil’s head before returning to Phil’s. “Just a nightmare,” Tubbo whispers. “Don’t worry about it.” Phil nods, letting it go for now.

“Then, is there anything I can do to help?” He reaches out, before remembering that Tubbo probably wouldn’t like touch, and pulls his hand back. Tubbo eyes the hand even after he’s pulled it back.

“I...” Tubbo closes his eyes again, his fists clenching by his sides. Tentative, he asks, “Can you just...stay, for a little while?”

Phil nods, offering a soft smile. “I can do that,” he answers.

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(A collection of drabbles, all set within the *your love remains true* universe. Summary will be from the most recent update.)

## Notes

and we're back! hi!

as said in the summary, this is a collection of drabbles/short stories from ylrt! they can be set before, during, or after the events of the original story - this chapter is from chapter 8 (the sbi + tubbo meetup) as well as sometime ambiguously after the last scene of chapter 19 (when ranboo arrives in the UK). feel free to give any requests either in the comments or you can hit me up on tumblr @SoccerSarah01!

alright, i think that's it! hope you enjoy <3

(edit 3.2024: edited wilbur out of this fic. fuck him, fuck abusers, support victims. support shelby.)



At first, Phil doesn't quite know why he woke up.

He blinks awake, cracking his eyes open at first to let his eyes adjust. The room's dimly lit, though, just the same as it had been when he'd fallen asleep. It's obviously still nighttime; Phil has to wonder why he woke up in the first place. Even when he falls asleep in awkward positions, he still tends to sleep through the night. That is, of course, unless something wakes him up.

Glancing around, Phil's eyes first land on Tommy. He's still sprawled over Niki and Fundy's laps, both of whom are still fast asleep as well. Niki's hand is resting on Tommy's forehead, as if she'd fallen asleep stroking his hair back. Phil's lips quirk up fondly.

Wilbur's not in the room, but that's not surprising – he's probably still in the guest room. And judging by the weight still pressing against Phil's legs, Tubbo's still resting right where he'd been when Phil had fallen asleep.

Convinced everyone's alright and Phil probably woke up because of the soreness quickly settling into his back, Phil leans back to try to sleep again. But, then-

A quiet whimper.

Phil's eyes snap back open.

He carefully leans forward, sure to not jostle his legs too much. Peering over Tubbo's hair, it quickly becomes clear that he's the origin of the disturbance – his face is scrunched up, clearly upset even as he remains asleep. He's almost silent, still. Phil wonders just where he learned to keep his distress hidden so well, even when asleep.

Phil gently removes his legs from behind Tubbo. Tubbo falls back slowly, and Phil's quick to move to the ground and kneel next to him, between the couch and Tubbo. Tubbo groans quietly, bringing a hand up to rub against his eyes – red, now that Phil can look closer. And, looking even more closely, there are streaks trailing down his cheeks. Phil's heart pinches.

Tubbo's eyes crack open, and Phil murmurs, "Hey, Tubbo." Tubbo just stares at him. There's many emotions swimming in there, but the first Phil pinpoints is fear. Phil's heart aches just a little more. Tubbo- he shouldn't be *afraid*.

"Phil," he whispers. His voice cracks. He snuffles, turning his face away for a moment. "Sorry for waking you," Tubbo says, still facing away. Phil shakes his head, shifting ever so slightly closer.

Tubbo jerks away – a small, minute movement, but Phil catches it nonetheless. He leans away again, and Tubbo relaxes. Phil makes a mental note to let him initiate any physical contact, or moving closer at all. "No need to apologize at all," Phil reassures. He pitches his tone low, hoping it's reassuring. Tubbo's far too tense. "You've done nothing wrong."

Closing his eyes, Tubbo nods minutely. He takes a slow, deep breath in, letting it out slowly. And again, until his breathing's lost its shakiness. Phil waits until he opens his eyes again to

ask, “Do you want to talk about it?”

Biting his lip, Tubbo shakes his head. His eyes flick up above Phil’s head before returning to Phil’s. “Just a nightmare,” Tubbo whispers. “Don’t worry about it.” Phil nods, letting it go for now.

“Then, is there anything I can do to help?” He reaches out, before remembering that Tubbo probably wouldn’t like touch, and pulls his hand back. Tubbo eyes the hand even after he’s pulled it back.

“I…” Tubbo closes his eyes again, his fists clenching by his sides. Tentative, he asks, “Can you just…stay, for a little while?”

Phil nods, offering a soft smile. “I can do that,” he answers. He stands up, then, and before Tubbo can get an inkling that he might be breaking his promise he reassures, “I’m going to make some hot chocolate. I’ll be back in a bit, alright?”

Tubbo nods, head bowed towards the ground. Phil makes the hot chocolate as quickly as he can, and returns back to the living room soon after. Everyone except Tubbo is sound asleep, though Tommy’s shifted onto his side. Phil’s surprised that they haven’t woken any of them up.

Meanwhile, Tubbo’s moved so that he’s leaning up against the couch. Tommy’s hand is hanging down next to Tubbo, and Tubbo’s taken Tommy’s hand in his. Phil smiles. They’re sweet – have been all day, even while causing mischief.

“Here,” Phil offers in a whisper, crouching down next to Tubbo. He holds out the cocoa, which Tubbo takes with a small smile. Phil settles onto the floor next to Tubbo, leaning up against the couch. He leaves plenty of space.

They fall into a comfortable silence. Phil starts dozing off, only hearing the quiet sound of Tubbo sipping hot cocoa along with Niki and Tommy’s quiet breathing, and Fundy’s snores. He’s almost asleep when he hears a quiet, “Thanks, Phil,” from next to him.

He smiles.

“Course, kiddo,” he whispers back, and then he’s asleep.

The last thing he’s aware of is a weight settling on his shoulder.

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It’s the third night that Phil’s staying at Tommy, Tubbo, and Ranboo’s new house when Phil wakes up in the middle of the night. A sense of déjà-vu hitting him, he looks around quickly to see if anything’s amiss. Wilbur’s snoring in the chair next to the fireplace, and Techno had claimed the only furnished room. Tommy and Ranboo are sound asleep on the couch, curled up against each other like it’s what they were born to do. Phil shakes his head, smiling. Given what they’d learned about their lives – given what Phil’s *seen* from their lives – they deserve all this happiness, all this closeness. Phil’s so glad they’ve got it now.

However-

When Phil had fallen asleep, Tubbo had also been wrapped up with them. Frowning, Phil stands up from his chair, looking around more closely. His eyes catch on the kitchen – the door is shut, but there’s a dull glow coming from underneath the door. Phil quietly makes his way over, careful not to wake his other boys.

He slowly opens the door, opening it just enough for him to be able to slip inside and then closing it again. Sure enough, Tubbo stands by the stove, boiling what looks to be milk. His back’s to Phil, but at the sound of the door clicking closed, he glances over his shoulder. “Oh,” he says. He laughs a bit sheepishly, rubbing the back of his head. Phil, much to his dismay, notices rubbed-away tear tracks running down his cheeks. “Hi, Phil,” he greets cautiously.

“Hey, kiddo,” Phil responds, offering Tubbo a warm smile to reassure him that he isn’t mad. He doesn’t have that right, anyway – these kids may be young, but they’re far from needing parenting. Tubbo smiles back, and returns his attention to the stove. Phil lets the silence settle for a bit, but then inquires, “Making something?”

Tubbo nods, not turning back around. “Hot chocolate,” he admits quietly. His stirring stills. Phil is suddenly, vividly reminded of the last time they’d stayed in the same house, and his heart clenches.

“Nightmare?” He asks gently. Tubbo lets out a small, shuddering breath, then nods jerkily. Phil murmurs sympathetically, “Oh, Tubbo.”

“I didn’t wanna wake them up,” Tubbo continues. His stirring continues, rigid. “So I came in here. And I- well, hot chocolate helps, so- yeah.”

Phil shakes his head, moving closer. “You don’t have to explain yourself to me,” Phil reassures quietly. Tubbo looks back over his shoulder, and Phil holds his arms out – an offering. Tubbo stares at him for a moment, before he leans the spatula against the side of the pot and comes close, burrowing against Phil’s chest. Phil hums quietly, wrapping an arm around Tubbo’s back while running his other hand through Tubbo’s hair. “Wanna talk about it?” He asks, leaning his head against Tubbo’s.

Tubbo’s quiet for a long, long moment. His fingers curl into the back of Phil’s shirt. Phil waits, and Tubbo finally whispers, “Festival.” And-

Phil doesn’t know much about the lore, but after his three youngest – and they’re not his kids, but even so, he can’t help but feel responsible for them – had revealed where they came from, Phil had done some research. And the festival...for Tubbo, he can definitely see why there’re nightmares.

There’s not much to say, so Phil just pulls Tubbo closer, pressing a kiss to the crown of Tubbo’s head. Tubbo snuffles quietly, and if there are a few tears soaking into Phil’s shirt, he won’t mention anything. He rocks them back and forth, holding Tubbo until he pulls back, wiping at his eyes. Finally, he looks up to meet Phil’s eyes, and Phil gives him a warm smile. “There you are,” he says, ruffling Tubbo’s hair. Tubbo blushes, offering a shy smile back.

“Thanks,” he whispers.

He yawns wide, then, eyes flicking towards the door, and Phil laughs softly. “Time to go back to bed, I think,” Phil says. Tubbo nods sleepily, and Phil wraps an arm around his shoulders and guides him towards the door.

As soon as they’re back inside the living room, Tubbo splits off, giving Phil a quick headbutt before he worms his way in between Tommy and Ranboo, still asleep on the couch. Ranboo lets out a groan and Tommy slaps Tubbo weakly on the arm, but soon enough they’re all curled up together and sound asleep.

Phil watches them for a moment, so incredibly fond. Then he settles back into his chair, and closes his eyes.

He falls asleep, content.

## End Notes

thanks for reading! <3

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